

## The Sardonix in Art.

The finest example of sardonix cameo is in King Edward's collection at Windsor castle. The stone measures 7.5 by 5.875 inches and is cut upon a rich oriental sardonix of four strata. It is a contemporary portrait of Emperor Claudius. The ground is in the dark-brown stratum, the laurel wreath and front of the cuirass in the honey-brown and the head and hair in the white. The whole is surrounded by a raised border enriched with molding, cut in the thickness of the stone.—Baltimore Sun.

## Mozart's Home.

In the middle of Salzburg stands the small house in which Mozart was born. It contains two old pianos and many relics belonging to the composer, whose skull is preserved in a glass case placed in the center of the room in which he first saw the light. The skull is all that remains of Mozart, whose body could not be identified in the mass of remains that filled the common paupers' grave wherein he had been buried at Vienna.

## Attractive Lamps.

An agreeable change from the heavy lamps, with bowls of metal or foreign pottery, is one with a shallow bowl supported on a delicate tripod of copper more than a foot high, in which a jeweled effect is produced by the turquoise matrix sparingly used. Lamps of Nancy glass are even newer and more delicate than those of Tiffany, but their exquisite beauty comes at a very high figure.—Detroit Free Press.

## Bird Too Fresh.

A magpie named "Bob Fitzsimmons," which assaulted every newcomer in the "happy family" of which he was a member in a cage at the zoological gardens, London, was found almost torn to pieces the other morning. Evidently he had been the victim of a general attack, but the exact circumstances will never be known, as "even the parrots refuse to say a word."

## THIS WOMAN KNOWS

## WHAT ONE OF THE SEX DISCOVERED TO HER GREAT JOY.

Mrs. De Long Finds that the Indescribable Pains of Rheumatism Can be Cured Through the Blood.

Mrs. E. M. De Long, of No. 160 West Broadway, Council Bluffs, Iowa, found herself suddenly attacked by rheumatism in the winter of 1896. She gave the doctor a chance to help her, which he failed to improve, and then she did some thinking and experimenting of her own. She was so successful that she deems it her duty to tell the story of her escape from suffering:

"My brother-in-law," she says, "was enthusiastic on the subject of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a purifier of the blood, and when I was suffering extreme pains in the joints of my ankles, knees, hips, wrists and elbows, and the doctor was giving me no relief, I began to reflect that rheumatism is a disease of the blood and that, if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are so good for the blood, they must be good for rheumatism and worth a trial.

"I was in bed half the time, suffering with pain that cannot be described to one who has never had the disease. It would concentrate sometimes in one set of joints. When it was in my feet I could not walk, when it was in my elbows and wrists I could not even draw the coverlets over my body. I had suffered in this way for weeks before I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Two weeks after I began with them I experienced relief and after I had taken six boxes I was entirely well. To make sure I continued to use them about two weeks longer and then stopped altogether. For several years I have had no reason to use them for myself, but I have recommended them to others as an excellent remedy."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills furnish the blood with all the elements that are needed to build up healthy tissue, strong muscles and nerves, capable of bearing the strain that nature puts upon them. They really make new blood and cure all diseases arising from disorders of the blood or nerves, such as sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous prostration, anemia and all forms of weakness in either male or female. They are sold by all druggists.

## Western Canada's Magnificent Crops for 1904

Western Canada's Wheat Crop this year will be 60,000,000 bushels, and wheat at present is worth \$1.00 a bushel. The oat and barley crop will also yield abundantly.

Splendid prices for all kinds of grain, cattle and other farm produce for the growing of which the climate is unsurpassed.

About 150,000 Americans have settled in Western Canada during the past three years. Thousands of free homesteads of 160 acres each still available in the best agricultural districts.

It has been said that the United States will be forced to import wheat within a very few years. Secure a farm in Canada and become one of those who will help produce it.

Apply for information to SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada; or to H. E. WILLIAMS, Law Building, Toledo, Ohio. Authorized Canadian Government Agent.

FREE "THE AMATEUR ENTERTAINER" 250-Page Illustrated, Descriptive Catalogue with 200 Pages Popular Music, Fully covers every style Amateur Musical and Dramatic Entertainment, including 100 Tricks in Magic. Free! Send Five 5c stamps for postage. THE CRIST TRADING COMPANY, 144 West 27th St., New York City.

## MUSIC OF THE CORN.

The grand armies of peace are encamping afield. There is no glint on the spear, no glaze on the shield. No flashing of helmet, nor the gleaming of blade. For the shaft of each weapon is with pearl inlaid. Their standards are glistening with the dew of the dawn, And glowing in splendor with the growing of morn, And there's music far sweeter than the clarion horn— 'Tis the life-giving music of the rustling corn.

How stately and majestic and graceful in mien Are the soldiers of peace in their mantle of green! O'er the brow of each soldier waves a tall, tasseled plume— An emblem of plenty is the straw nodding bloom. From land of the prairies and realms of the morn They are coming, their arms brimming with golden corn, And there's music far sweeter than the huntsman's horn— 'Tis the life-giving music of the rustling corn.

They are marching abreast where the dim sky line dies— The grand armies of peace, born of earth and the skies! 'Neath their ribbons and pennons there are no ugly scars— The trophies of victories, the red ensign of wars. Bread-bearers for the nations, more fruitful than the trees, The tread of their legion is heard across the wide seas, Keeping step to the music of Plenty's full horn— 'Tis the life-giving music of the rustling corn! —Baltimore Sun.

## THE WIRES CROSS

By JOANNA SINGLE

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

PEGGY had a conscience; this troubled her a little. Worst still, she had a heart—no, four hearts—her own, which she had taken back from Jack Trent because she accused him of flirting with Nell Forest; Jack's, which he declared would be her's forever, though she would not allow him to explain how he came to have Nell canoeing; and the two hearts of Bobby James and Ned Brown, respectively. Peggy was sure she had forgotten Jack—almost, anyway, and that she had been right to dismiss him as she had. True, she also had flirted a little, but—somehow expects a man to be stronger. So Peggy, her heart in her hand, vacillated between Ned and Bobby in what she thought was a sincere doubt as to which of them she should give the coveted treasure. They both wanted it; neither had exactly proposed, but Peggy was familiar with the symptoms.

Right here is where Peggy's conscience came in. Was it right to dangle them, to encourage them both, as she had done for six months, and still be no whit nearer a final choice between them? That the men knew each other—had, in fact, been chums at college—and that they were bitterly jealous of each other, made things worse. Peggy was mortally afraid that the wires would cross some time, and that they would both be angry. She wanted people to be nice and patient. She was not patient herself.

If they had not dwelt in separate towns, one 60 miles east, and one 50 miles west of her home, Peggy would have had even more difficulty in keeping things straight.

Here it was September, and neither man knew that since May he had made alternating week-end visits to the lady's home. Each simply thought it was awfully good of her to let him come once in two weeks. Between whiles she had kept up a lively correspondence with them. They liked Peggy's gay, flirtatious letters. She enjoyed their letters immensely. They came thrice a week on the same mail. Peggy compared the letters, the photos of the men, and the men themselves. Since she had forgotten Jack, she must choose between them.

Peggy's mother calmly ignored her daughter's doings, in the hope that the girl would return to Jack, who, as the world knows, was made for Peggy. Maternal wisdom restrained Mrs. Benton from openly championing Jack; instead, she accepted Ned and Bobby with kind hospitality, and lightly veiled amusement. She refused to take them seriously.

One day while Peggy was writing, her mother asked:

"To those boys, I suppose? Which are you going to keep for a permanent plaything?" The girl was demure. She looked at the two letters she had just written, each equally provocative and alluringly coquettish.

"I don't know," she said, "I don't, really! Bobby's so blonde and lovable and chummy, and I like lawyers. But Ned's so big and dark and splendid—he could make me mind, I think. And Nell Forest seems to want him."

"That," said her mother, "should make no difference to you."

Peggy's face grew red with anger.

"The cat! I guess you'd want to get even! What did she mean by being with Jack when he said business hindered him from seeing me that night?"

"You would know, if you had let him explain."

"He didn't deserve the chance. I have forgotten him, mother."

"Evidently," said that lady dryly, and with inward rejoicing. Where there is anger there is hope. She left the room saying:

"Now just put those letters in the wrong envelopes, Peggy, and you'll have things mixed badly enough to suit even you."

Peggy addressed the envelopes and

gazed at them thoughtfully. She was small and brown-eyed, with golden hair, and a radiant complexion; her smile was entrancing. She picked up the letters and re-read them. Then she calmly tore them to bits.

"I've a notion to do it," she said to herself. "Things are getting mixed. They are ready to fly off the handle—each so jealous of the other! I've got to calm them down, till I can decide which I—like."

Then she wrote to each man an honest, casual, friendly letter, with no trace of flirtation, or any sentiment beyond friendship. They were much alike. She told the news, hoped she might see each man sometime before long addressed each as "Dear Mr. —" and signed herself, "Sincerely your friend, Margaret Benton."

She deliberately but Bobby's letter into Ned's envelope, and Ned's into Bobby's. Each, she thought, would, after proper qualms, read the other man's letter, return it to her with the assurance that he had not read it, and take fresh heart from her frankly unsentimental attitude to his rival. Thus would she gain time, and peace. She sealed, stamped and mailed the letters with relief, and a little mischievous gleam in her heart.

But she reckoned without her hosts. Up to a certain point her calculations were correct however: each man received the letter belonging to the other, resolved virtuously not to read it, and succumbed in the end, jubilant that the lady of his desire had evidently no love whatever for a rival; each put the letter in his pocket intending to return it, not to its owner proper, but to Peggy herself. For on the spot, each decided to run up Friday and surprise Peggy. Each decided to declare his love, and each, thanks to the letter in his pocket, was sure the other had no chance with her, and was confident of winning. They received these letters Wednesday.

About the same time Mrs. Benton wrote a note to John Burton, 100 miles north in Clayton.

"Dear Jack: I promised to write you when I thought it would do you any good to come. I think this is the time. When a girl finds it hard to choose between two men, it is ten to one she wants a third man, and doesn't know it. You are the third man, and the right one. Yesterday Peggy grew very angry when I mentioned Nell Forest. Hadn't you better explain? Do it by force if necessary; make her listen! She deserves punishment for her treatment of you. And I am so tired of having Ned and Bobby about! Sincerely yours,

"ELEANOR BENTON."

Friday came and found Peggy all unconscious of three approaching surprises. Jack Burton was speeding along on a south-bound train; Bobby from the east, and Ned from the west, were complacently approaching her, and—each other. For as fate and poor railway connections would have it, Ned had to pass Bentonville by 16 miles, and change cars at Flat Junction, where Bobby also changed cars for the city of his lady-love. The trains of both men were late; they missed connections, and met, astonished, but friendly, on the platform. It was raining in floods, and there would not be another train till morning.

They took a room together at the little place that called itself a hotel, and decided to make the best of it. Thus it befell that gradually and cautiously they compared notes. It all began by Bobby magnanimously returning Ned's letter, with the assurance that he had not read it, by Ned's astonished reciprocation of the compliment, and the perusal by each of his own letter, which he saw, with disgusted amazement, was almost the duplicate of his rival's.

Then there were explanations, and from being angry at each other, they became angry at Peggy, for the whole story came out—how each had been to see her every two weeks, and how each hoped to get her now that she had broken with Burton.

Finally they went to bed, having agreed to give her a thorough surprise. Together they would visit her, declare their love almost in unison, and make her choose between them; each was to abide by her decision, and to bear the victor no ill-will. They agreed that they had been friends too long to quarrel about a girl. But in his heart each man was sure that he would succeed.

They slept; so did Jack Burton in a Bentonville hotel; and Peggy in her dainty room at home. Saturday morning Ned and Bobby, immaculate, and not suspecting the surprise they were to spring upon themselves, sauntered out to Peggy's. They went by the back road to the old orchard. She might be there, and they could take her entirely unaware. She was there—and unaware of them with a vengeance.

As they came to a sudden turn in the winding path, they stopped and stared. Beneath an old apple tree, her sweet face upturned, was Peggy—in the arms of John Burton! Her pretty laugh rippled out.

"It's all right about Nell, dear. Of course you couldn't refuse when she asked you to take her! She's so bold! And the man didn't come on that business? I was so silly. I'm—sorry. Jack! Here Jack asked a low question, accompanied by a kiss.

"Those silly boys? Of course not! I never loved anyone but you."

Jack kissed her again. "Not for one little moment," she continued. Ned and Bobby felt that she spoke the truth. They turned unseen, and went as they came.

"I think we can catch that noon train," Ned observed dryly. But Bobby asked solemnly:

"Ned, will you please kiss me?" Then the two men laughed.

The schools of vice are seldom recruited from the homes where the boys are treated as companions.

## Just Wanted to Arrive.

After Eugene Field's return from his first trip to Europe, where he "spent his pocket money like a prince," and before he went to Denver, he had a little close personal experience with hard times. One day he walked into a leading St. Louis hotel, and, squaring himself before the register, inscribed his name in his well-known copper-plate chirography. The clerk had never heard of him, but he read the name with a quick glance, and said: "Do you wish a room, Mr. Field?" "No," was the answer. "Dinner?" "No." Then may I ask what you do want?" continued the clerk. "I just wanted to arrive," replied Field, solemnly. "I had not arrived at a good hotel for many months. I feel better. Thank you," and he stalked out with long, heavy strides.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## Maps.

Robert Louis Stevenson, one of the most notable English writers known to the present generation, was wont to say that nothing interested him more than the perusal of a good map; and without doubt, a map that is well made and accurate catches the eye and arrests the attention of many people as few other things can do.

The men in charge of railway traffic possess a most positive appreciation of this fact and a large expenditure of time and skill is made on this feature of railway publicity, so that such portions of the country as the Black Hills in South Dakota, the wonderful mountain ranges compactly rising tier upon tier throughout the central and western portion of Colorado, the rich valleys and hill-sides of California, covered with vineyards, orchards and grain fields, Yellowstone Park, the Yosemite, Alaska, and those regions of interlacing lakes and water courses which mark that portion of the great northwestern located in upper Wisconsin, southern Minnesota and that part of Michigan known as the Upper Peninsula, have been mapped in detail and given to the public gratis, far and wide.

Said an official of the Chicago & North-Western Railway recently: "The American railway map engraver has carried his art well-nigh to the borders of perfection. I do not know of any road maps or other detailed data for the state of Wisconsin, for instance, that equal those published by our passenger department, showing the haunts of summer tourists and fishermen. They are on file in public libraries as part of their reference records. Other portions of the western country have been similarly taken up and maps of a most complete character made for them; in fact, the western lines are fully alive to the value of a good map in the hands of the traveler. The map publishing business of the large railway systems is to-day reduced to scientific principles and handled in a most systematic manner. The North-Western Line prints thousands of maps, running all the way from large wall maps of the world, down to the smallest details of sections and quarter sections of Government land open for settlement in the west, and from an atlas containing a series of maps of the seat of war in the far east to the most carefully worked out portrayal of Colorado's mountain regions, California's winter resorts, or the summering places that abound along the line throughout the west and northwest."

## Standard Directions.

He—In understand that Mrs. Wiggins rejected Mr. Wiggins 13 times before she accepted him.

She—Yes. She evidently thought it best to shake well before taking.—Judge.

Pisco's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds. N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

The political boss is never above the weak liking of the monarch class for a rigid and servile court etiquette.—Success.

## MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Oct. 19.  
CATTLE—Common \$2 25 @ 3 50  
Heavy steers 4 75 @ 5 50  
CALVES—Extra 7 25 @ 7 50  
HOGS—Ch. packers 5 15 @ 5 30  
Mixed packers 4 85 @ 5 10  
SHEEP—Extra 3 25 @ 3 50  
LAMBS—Extra 5 75 @ 6 00  
FLOUR—Spring pat. 6 25 @ 6 60  
WHEAT—No. 2 red 1 23 @ 1 23  
No. 3 winter 1 16 @ 1 16  
CORN—No. 2 mixed 57 1/2 @ 57 1/2  
OATS—No. 2 mixed 32 @ 32  
RYE—No. 2 86 @ 86  
HAY—Ch. timothy 12 75 @ 12 75  
PORK—Clear mess 12 45 @ 12 45  
LARD—Steam 7 10 @ 7 10  
BUTTER—Ch. dairy 14 @ 14  
Choice creamery 23 @ 23  
APPLES—Choice 1 75 @ 1 75  
POTATOES—Per bbl 1 60 @ 1 65  
TOBACCO—New 5 25 @ 12 25  
Old 4 75 @ 14 50

Chicago.  
FLOUR—Winter pat. 5 30 @ 5 40  
WHEAT—No. 2 red 1 17 1/2 @ 1 19 1/2  
No. 3 spring 1 05 @ 1 15  
CORN—No. 2 mixed 53 @ 53  
OATS—No. 2 mixed 29 1/2 @ 29 1/2  
RYE—No. 2 77 1/2 @ 78  
PORK—Mess 10 90 @ 11 00  
LARD—Steam 7 22 1/2 @ 7 25

New York.  
FLOUR—Win. st. rts. 5 25 @ 5 50  
WHEAT—No. 2 red 1 21 1/2 @ 1 21 1/2  
CORN—No. 2 mixed 58 @ 58 1/2  
OATS—No. 2 mixed 35 1/2 @ 35 1/2  
PORK—Mess 12 50 @ 13 00  
LARD—Steam 7 70 @ 7 70

Baltimore.  
WHEAT—No. 2 red 1 17 @ 1 17  
CORN—No. 2 mixed 57 1/2 @ 57 1/2  
OATS—No. 2 mixed 36 @ 36  
CATTLE—Steers 3 75 @ 4 25  
SHEEP—No. 1 fat 2 25 @ 2 50

Louisville.  
WHEAT—No. 2 red 1 17 @ 1 17  
CORN—No. 2 mixed 57 1/2 @ 57 1/2  
OATS—No. 2 mixed 34 1/2 @ 34 1/2  
LARD—Steam 7 75 @ 7 75  
PORK—Mess 13 50 @ 13 50

Indianapolis.  
WHEAT—No. 2 red 1 17 1/2 @ 1 17 1/2  
CORN—No. 2 mixed 55 1/2 @ 55 1/2  
OATS—No. 2 mixed 32 @ 32



A prominent Southern lady, Mrs. Blanchard, of Nashville, Tenn., tells how she was cured of backache, dizziness, painful and irregular periods by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Gratitude compels me to acknowledge the great merit of your Vegetable Compound. I have suffered for four years with irregular and painful menstruation, also dizziness, pains in the back and lower limbs, and fitful sleep. I dreaded the time to come which would only mean suffering to me.

"Better health is all I wanted, and cure if possible. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me health and happiness in a few short months. I feel like another person now. My aches and pains have left me. Life seems new and sweet to me, and everything seems pleasant and easy.

"Six bottles brought me health, and was worth more than months under the doctor's care, which really did not benefit me at all. I am satisfied there is no medicine so good for sick women as your Vegetable Compound, and I advocate it to my lady friends in need of medical help."—Mrs. B. A. BLANCHARD, 422 Broad St., Nashville, Tenn.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

A Severe Case of Womb Trouble Cured in Philadelphia.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been cured of severe female troubles by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was nearly ready to give up, but seeing your advertisement I purchased one bottle of your medicine, and it did me so much good that I purchased another, and the result was so satisfactory that I bought six more bottles, and am now feeling like a new woman. I shall never be without it. I hope that my testimonial will convince women that your Vegetable Compound is the greatest medicine in the world for falling of the womb or any other female complaints."—Mrs. MAY CODY, 2660 Birch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Remember, every woman is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about her symptoms she does not understand. Her address is Lynn, Mass., her advice is free and cheerfully given to every ailing woman who asks for it.

On the Trail with a Fish Brand Pommel Slicker

When windy, a rain coat when it rained, and for a cover at night if we got to bed, and I will say that I have gotten more comfort out of your slicker than any other article that I ever owned."

(The name and address of the writer of this unsolicited letter may be had on application.)

Wet Weather Garments for Riding, Walking, Working, or Sporting

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TO

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The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company have recently issued a publication known as Circular No. 1, in which is described the best territory in this country

for the growing of early strawberries and early vegetables. Every dealer in such products should address a postal card to the undersigned at MORGAN, IOWA, requesting a copy of "Circular No. 1."

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A recent visitor to Texas (an experienced traveler) said that while each state claimed to be pre-eminent in some one natural product, Texas surpassed them all in their own specialty. A trip to Texas will reveal many chances for profitable investment. The M. K. & T. R. reaches all the principal cities in Texas, passing through the most highly productive portion of the state. Low rates are in effect via "The Katy" from Missouri and Kansas points, on October 4th and 18th, at \$15.00 for the round trip; one way, \$10.50 from St. Louis and \$8.50 from Kansas City. For some new and interesting printed matter about Texas, address

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